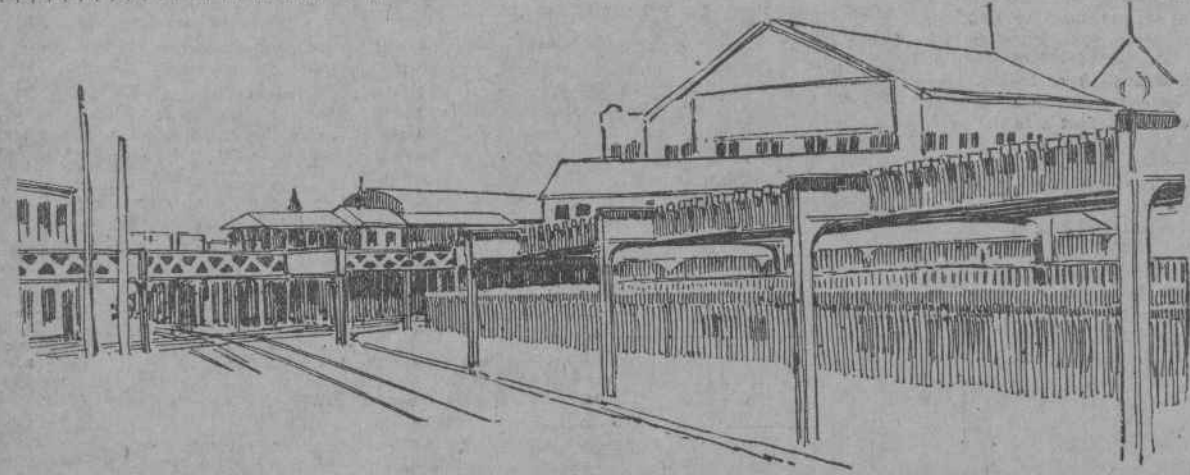


"HOT TIME" IN THE HOFFMAN AT 2 A. M.

Graphophone Ground It Out and Disturbed Tired Brokers.

REVENGE IN A HAND ORGAN

It Was Then That the All Night Concerts Stopped and a Guest Was Bundled Out.



The New L. I. Junction at Flatbush Avenue.

When the work is completed much of the Long Island Road's traffic will be diverted from Long Island City, while all the trains running between Jamaica and Brooklyn will pass over the new tracks.

Captain George Crouch, formerly in Her Majesty's service, but now a put and call expert and poet in the Street, has just made himself eligible for a charter membership in Dr. J. H. Girdner's Society for the Prevention of Unnecessary Noise. An Italian organ grinder and \$4 judiciously expended secured him the qualification. But the Hoffman House lost a guest and all night graphophone concerts in consequence. Crouch and his friend Broderick Walsh occupy adjacent rooms on the fifth floor of the Hoffman. They usually retire about midnight. Ten nights or more ago Crouch reached his bed chamber rather later than usual. It was about 2 a. m. As he was about to retire still whistling came apparently from the next room.

"For goodness sake, Walsh, stop it! I am tired and want sleep," shouted Crouch. "Nothing doing here; want sleep myself," replied Walsh. The whistling ceased and all was quiet for awhile. Then a full orchestra struck up "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night," quickly followed by "All Coons Look Alike to Me."

Crouch leaped to his feet, pounded upon Walsh's door and yelled: "For goodness sake, old man, what have you got in there, a Hungarian band?" "It's all right, George. All quiet. Nothing doing," and Walsh relapsed into slumber. At the breakfast table there were mutual charges. Crouch and Walsh each accusing the other of being musicians to make night hideous. Each denied the allegation and denied the "allegation."

At the hotel desk, Colonel Peacock informed Crouch that a complaint had been lodged against him for screaming at the top of his voice and prancing about the corridor in his pajamas. Crouch retorted that he would not stand mysterious night concerts and threatened to leave if they were not stopped.

The next night he and Walsh discovered that the concert was going on a few doors down the corridor from their rooms. They plotted revenge. The following evening Crouch gave an Italian \$2 to place his barrel organ along with the hotel baggage, promising him \$2 more if his scheme was successful. Then he went back to his room and ordered him to have the organ taken to his room.

"Hand organs barred in the Hoffman," returned Crouch. "Well, it's a case of hand organ or graphophone, or both. I'm going to play tunes if the other fellow does," retorted Crouch. When Colonel Peacock declined to stand up by the hand organ Crouch hired a couple of heavy porters to shoulder it. They got no further than the freight elevator when Colonel Peacock related, summoned the man of the graphophone and gave him the alternative of getting rid of his machine or being both himself and it elsewhere. He indignantly chose the latter course.

Now the only music on the fifth floor of the Hoffman at night is produced by the combined snoring of Crouch and Walsh. Other guests fear to complain against this in the barrel organ be reinstated.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD STEALS OVER THE BRIDGE.



Its Cars Already Running Across the Strained Structure.

The operation of grabbing a right of way across the Brooklyn Bridge goes on and the Long Island Railroad will soon be enjoying all the facilities of the great lines that have terminals in New York City.

What cost the big lines millions of dollars will cost the Long Island operation practically nothing, because of the ingenuity displayed in making a deal with the Brooklyn Elevated.

The only thing the Brooklyn Elevated gets out of the deal apparently is the privilege of running cars out to Jamaica over the Long Island tracks.

New cars are being rapidly built for the accommodation of the new scheme. They are of the general pattern of the Long Island Railroad coaches, but much smaller and exceedingly uncomfortable. Cross seats intended to be used by two persons, but really only sufficient for one and a half. All the body of the car and make the aisles so narrow that standing is inconvenient and passing in or out through a crowd impossible.

Some of these are running at present over the Bridge and they are the cause of a storm of complaint from the unfortunate commuters who are being crowded and cramped. One hundred more are being constructed and they will bear the inscription "Long Island Railroad" along the sides by way of diverting attention from the fact that they belong to the Long Island Railroad.

Several light cars of this corporation now run on the Bridge in plain contradiction of the statement that it is not intended to grab the privilege of using the already heavily overloaded structure and adding to the strain on the sorely tried cables. It has all been so cleverly manipulated that no one suspected the real intention of the roads until very recently when the Journal directed public attention to the proposed danger.

By getting the Brooklyn Elevated to run its cars across the Bridge it is possible for the railroad to avoid paying any compensation to the people for the immense financial benefit it secures. Bridge commuters declare that they have received no application from the Long Island Railroad for the privilege.

Meantime, the work on the contemplated junction at Atlantic and Flatbush avenues goes on with a rush. It is believed that when the tracks are connected traffic will be diverted from Long Island City. All trains running between Jamaica and Brooklyn will pass over the new line. The Flatbush avenue depot of the Long Island Railroad will be partly torn down to make room for the junction.

AXE AT THE ROOTS OF THE GAS TRUST

Assemblyman Trainer Sharpening One That Will Cut Down the Bills.

Albany, Jan. 22.—"Unless some forward step is taken shortly toward giving the people of New York cheaper gas I shall begin to stir the matter up," says Assemblyman Patrick F. Trainer.

"The law passed in 1897 has reduced the price of gas, but it has not reduced the cost of it. The people are paying just as much as they ever were. The law was enacted and a sham, and I shall see that it is exposed before this session ends. It was a measure conceived by the Gas Trust to keep the people and the Republican party itself to the scheme."

"The plain purpose of it was to quiet the public for a purpose, so that the Trust could go on raking in the same old profits. According to the last report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the cost of making gas is only a fraction over 47 cents a thousand cubic feet. The companies alleged that this was the cost in the recoler, and did not include the expense of distributing it."

"Experts have repeatedly declared that gas can be made and distributed at a profit for 64 cents per thousand cubic feet. No body doubts the accuracy of this statement. Why, then, should the companies charge \$1 or \$1.25 for it?"

"Some method should be adopted to decrease the cost, without regard to the price, because we have proved that fact that the price has no bearing upon the cost. A commission should be appointed to overhaul the books of these companies and by frequent examination compel the Trust to give the people a high quality of gas at as low a price as is consistent with a fair profit."

Mrs. Mary C. Lukens is Dead. Mrs. Mary C. Lukens, wife of Henry Clay Lukens, an old New York newspaper man, and mother of Edgar V. Lukens, died yesterday at her residence, No. 180 Ogden avenue, Jersey City, from heart disease. Mrs. Lukens was born in Philadelphia fifty-eight years ago. Under the name of plume of Kathryn Paynter, Mrs. Lukens did considerable magazine and newspaper work. Besides her husband and son she leaves a daughter, who is also engaged on newspaper work. Interment will be in Mount Pleasant cemetery, Philadelphia, on Wednesday.

PUBLIC OFFICES RINGING WITH THE CRIES OF THE POOR

FOR WORK, ARE CHARNEL HOUSES.

SO DECLARES MAYOR JONES

"The Present Social System is a Failure; It Has Gone to Seed."

SPEECH TO LETTER CARRIERS.

Like the Robbery of Highwaymen to Pay Dividends When Employes Get but a Dollar a Day for Ten Hours.

The public officers in our cities are living in charnel houses. The cry of the poor and disinherited never ceases in their corridors. "Work! Work!" is their plaintive cry. MAYOR JONES, OF TOLEDO, IN A SPEECH YESTERDAY.

Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo, whose speech in that city before the convention of letter carriers caused wide-spread comment, spoke to nearly four thousand letter carriers at the Grand Central Palace yesterday afternoon.

"The subject of his talk was 'The Right to Work.' Many women were in the crowd that listened to the address. As the speaker elaborated point after point in his speech handkerchiefs were waved, men and women cheered together, and at the conclusion the enthusiasm of the audience was tremendous. Mayor Jones said in part:

"I have lived to see Socialism become a respectable word and a Socialist a respectable person. I have just returned from Washington, a better Socialist now than ever before."

"I came more particularly to speak to you upon the subject of the new right, the right to work. It is fundamental and comes ahead of every other kind of right, and until it is as well established as the right to vote and until work is free as education in the public school, our boasted liberty is a sham."

"When a man, unable to find work, goes to a neighboring city or village he becomes a tramp, a criminal before the law, and yet such is the existing social order that not one of us can say that he has provided so well for the future of his own child that he is absolutely secure from becoming a tramp, denied the right to work."

"The present social system is a failure. It has gone to seed. Every thoughtful man who comes in contact with real life admits it. The public officers in our cities are living in charnel houses. The cry of the poor and disinherited never ceases in their corridors. 'Work! Work!' is their plaintive cry."

There is no more justification for the payment of dividends when men in the industry get but a dollar a day for ten hours than there is for the highwayman to take money from the pockets of his helpless victims."

FOUND IN A BLAZING BED.

Mrs. Vogt Badly Burned Before the Firemen Rescued Her.

Mrs. Pauline Vogt last night received burns which will probably prove mortal, at her home on the second floor of a three-story frame dwelling at No. 90 Morgan avenue, Williamsburg.

Firemen burst in the door and found the woman's bed on fire and Mrs. Vogt in bed. She was dragged into the hall.

Mrs. Vogt was found to be badly burned all over the body, with the exception of her face and arms and legs.

It is believed that her dress caught fire from the heated radiator.

She rolled herself on her bed in effort to save herself.

O'Neill's. Our First Big Dress Goods Purchase of '99.

We place on sale, beginning this morning, our first big purchase of the new year, over

17,000 Yards of French Dress Fabrics, All Plain Shades and Black,

made by one of the best makers in France and comprising Heavy Cord Poplins, Armures, Bayadere Stripe Melrose Cloth, Crystal Cords and Mohair and Wool Travers—all 44 inches wide.

This big stock came to us at a mere fraction of its value and we're going to sell it, beginning this morning, at about

One-Half the Usual Price.

1.25 Quality,

59^c Yard.

1.35 Quality,

68^c Yard.

Thirteen Shades and Black to Choose From.

Light Gray, Castor, Cadet, Golden and Seal Brown, Cardinal, Garnet, Reseda, Olive, Myrtle, Light and Dark Navy, National Blue and Black.

Women's Ready to Wear Suits.

We are showing a number of advanced styles in